



W.G.vandeHulst

# The boss and I

FOR OUR YOUNGSTERS





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THE BOSS AND I



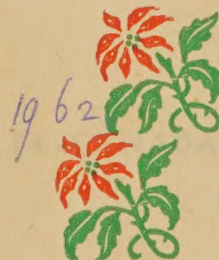
*At Christmas  
given to*

*John Greydanus,*

By:

*The Sundayschool*

**"Glory to God  
in the highest."**



1962







## 1. Flick is my name

Woof! Woof!

I am a dog, a strong dog, mind you..

You'd better look out! If you hurt my master, I get wild.

Then I bite!





Woof! Woof!

My master's name is Jan.

He is rather fat, but he can run very fast.

And whenever he gets a titbit, he shares it with me.

We are very good friends!

You'd better be careful, you know!

If you hurt my master, then I bite! Woof! Woof!

Yes, I dare you to come near...

You are scared, aren't you?

Woof! Woof!





## 2. A little bit stupid

My name is Flick... I am a strong dog.  
But I am a little bit stupid.  
I'll tell you why.

We went to a shop, the boss and I.  
Oh, it was the best shop in town, but the man in that  
shop was a wicked man. A large, white apron was  
tied round his waist and in his hand he carried a  
knife.  
And when you went into his shop, he kicked you  
with his hard boots... Ow, that hurt!...

But Jan was not afraid to go in.  
I was... I yelled, "Woof! Woof! Jan, look out! Jan,  
come back here!"  
But that angry man never kicked Jan.  
Look at him there, right in the middle of the shop.  
And there was such a nice smell, of meat, of bacon,  
and of ham... So tasty!...  
I did not dare to go in! Not I...  
I put my two forelegs on the threshold...  
But I was terribly scared of that wicked man. I

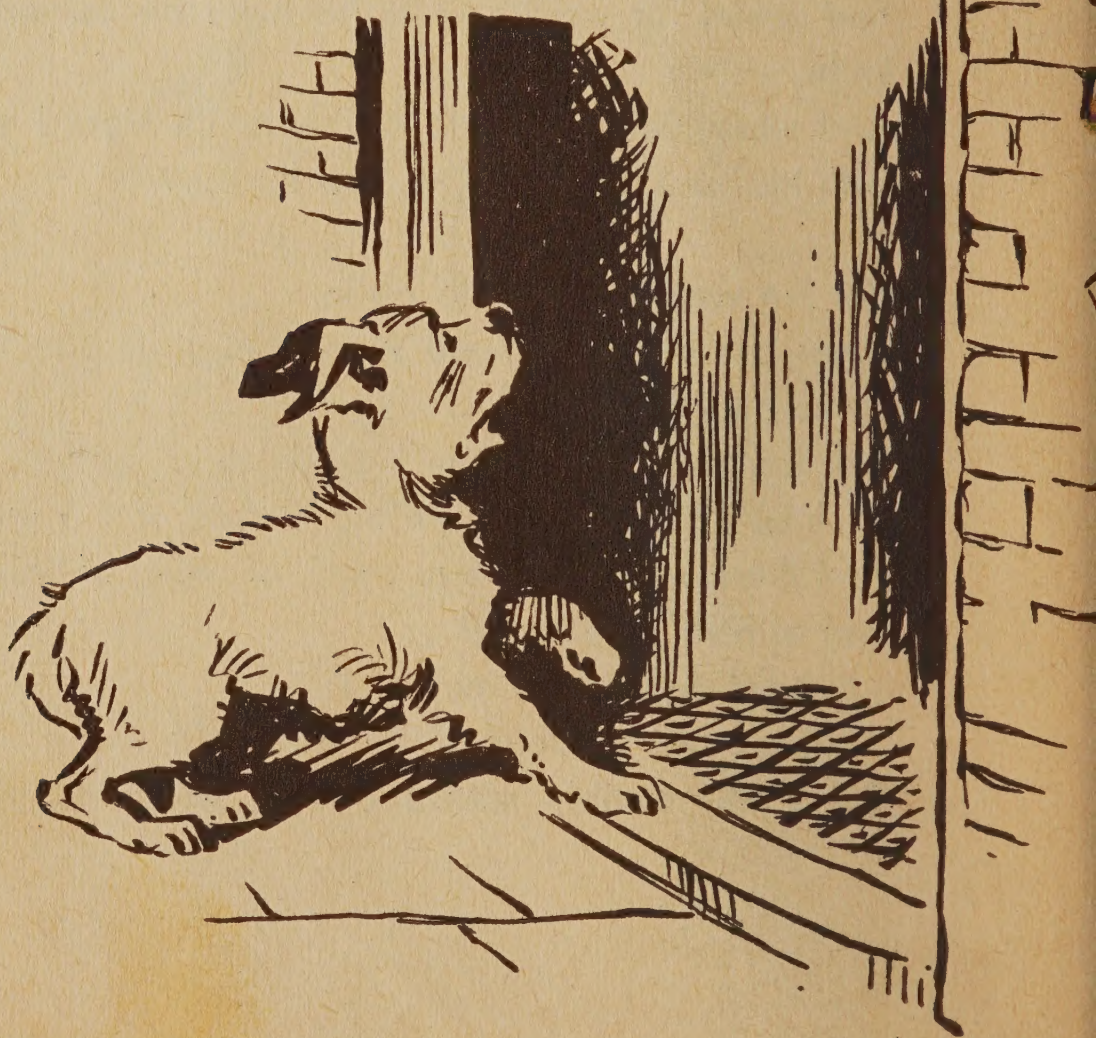


trembled with fear. And I put my tail between my legs...

Oh, look at that... Jan gets something from that man. It's in a big piece of paper. And in his other hand he gets something too... Oh, I can see it, I can smell it: it's a slice of sausage.

"Woof! Woof!... Jan! Jan!... Woof! Woof!"

I call, and I dance, and I wag my tail... "Jan! Jan! So tasty! Jan! Jan!"







Jan runs back home.

I am running along with him!

I keep on calling, "Woof! Woof! So tasty, Jan! So tasty!"

And on the corner of the street he stops.

He bites that piece of sausage right through. He gives me a piece too! My word, that tastes good!



"Woof! Woof! ... More, Jan! More!" I shout.

But Jan runs back home.

"More, Jan! More!" I shout ...

But I get nothing.

The boss has so much more, quite a paper full.

Yes, quite a paper full with such tasty slices of sausage. I have seen it, and I can smell it too.

"Woof! Woof! ... Why not eat it, Jan? And give me something too ... It's so very tasty, Jan, so very, very tasty!"

I jump up against him, I pull him by the shirt, I snap at the meat ...

Bang! I get a smack on the head ... Ow!

That does not taste nice ... No!

I am a little bit angry.

I think, "If I were Jan, I would eat all of it."

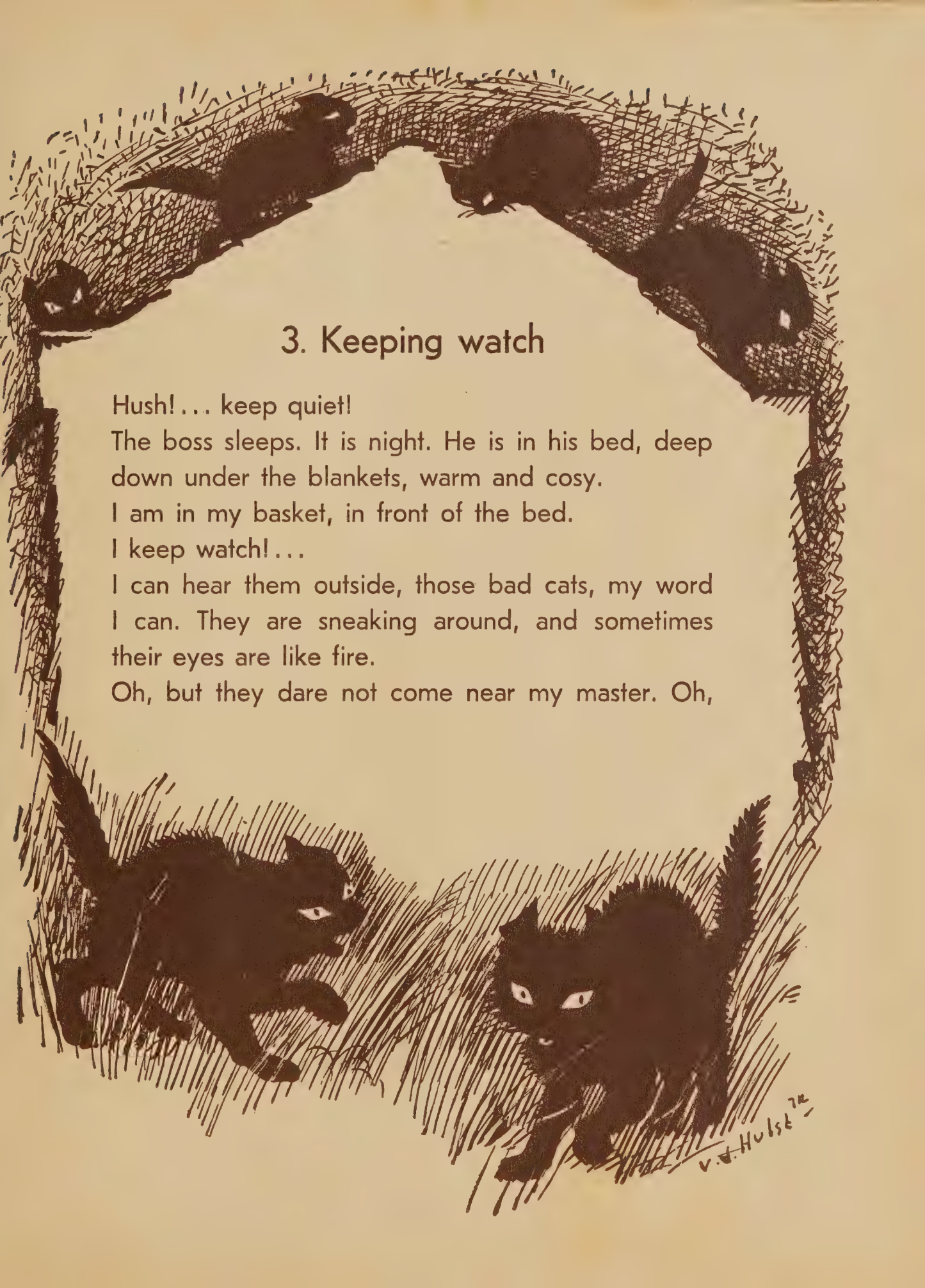
But Jan says, "You are stupid, Flick. That sausage is for mum, you know! That little piece was for me ..."

But I don't understand.

Didn't it taste good!!

You see, I am a little bit stupid!





### 3. Keeping watch

Hush! . . . keep quiet!

The boss sleeps. It is night. He is in his bed, deep down under the blankets, warm and cosy.

I am in my basket, in front of the bed.

I keep watch! . . .

I can hear them outside, those bad cats, my word I can. They are sneaking around, and sometimes their eyes are like fire.

Oh, but they dare not come near my master. Oh,





for then... then I'll teach them... I'll teach them  
a lesson...!

I growl in anger.

*Barking* is not allowed in the night.

But if those wicked cats should come, oh, I'll bite  
them... bite them where I can!

You horrid things, I can hear you in the garden, in  
the dark.

But don't you dare to hurt the boss... Don't you  
dare...!

He is lying so warm under the blankets. So cosy!

I wouldn't mind lying under those blankets!

But mum won't let me.

I have done it once, very secretly. I huddled close  
to Jan. My word, that was good, so nice and warm.

But then mum came.

She boxed my ears with Jan's socks...

Ow, that hurt...

And then she chased me out of the house and into  
the shed, close to all those wicked cats. G-r-r-r!

Oh, but wasn't it good under those blankets.



Shall I do it again? Just for a little while?...

Shall I?

Jan is sleeping... He won't notice it.

Mum is sleeping too... She won't see it.

Dad is sleeping too... He doesn't know anything about it at all.

And those wicked cats outside cannot see me either!

Keep quiet now!...



I jump on the bed.  
Very softly I put my  
legs on the blanket. I  
put my tail between  
my legs.

Keep quiet!...

Look! There is such a nice little hole behind Jan's  
back.



First my head disappears under the blanket, and  
then my back...

My *tail* has to stay out. That little hole is so narrow.

Oh, how nice and warm!

Keep quiet now!...

Don't tell those wicked cats, mind you!...

Those horrible things!

Listen to that noise they are making in the garden!

But I creep down deep under the blankets.



Now I can't see anything.

How nice and warm...

Good-night!...



## 4. Jan's clogs

It was a fine day.

The sun was shining.

Jan cried, "Coming Flick?"

I said, "Woof! Woof!... Of course I am!... Woof! Woof!"

We ran off.

Jan ran very fast.

I ran much faster.

Oh, oh... look! Jan loses his clog.

"Woof! Woof!"... I jump right on top of that clog.

And I bite it. And I shake the thing as if it were one of those wicked cats. And I snarl, and I growl, and I bite...

But I am not angry! Not really! Oh, no, not at all.

It's only play.

I run away very fast... with the clog.

Jan shouts, "Here, Flick!... Come here, I tell you!"...

But I'm not coming... not!! It's such a jolly thing, that clog.

"Come here, Flick!... Come here at once!"

But I'm not coming, not!!





Jan is getting angry, but he cannot get me. Oh no, no fear... Ha, ha, look at that, he has to hop on one leg... Ow-ow!... Oh, what's that? ...Ow-ow!

Who's got me by the neck? Who's that pinching me? Quickly I drop the clog. I am terribly frightened... Ow-ow! Ow-ow!

Oh, I can see it, I can see it now; It's that wicked man

with the white apron and a knife in his hand and such hard boots on his feet. Oh, I am frightened to death I can see it now: It's the *butcher*...

"Ow-ow! Ow-ow!" I squeal.

But that awful man says, "Little rascal, why are you biting Jan's clog to pieces? Come here, Jan, take your clog!"

Jan takes his clog.

Together we go on. I keep close to Jan. That is safer, you know.

Jan says, "Naughty Flick!"

I say, "Jan are you not scared of that wicked butcher?... Ow-ow!"



There is a little ditch. I am going to have a good drink... That will make me feel better.

I say, "Woof, woof!... Come and have a drink too, Jan. It helps, you know, when you've had a shock."

But Jan doesn't listen.

He is striking the water with a stick.

Drops of water are flying around me.

Woof! Woof!... Woof! Woof! I bite the stick.

Jan pulls.

I am pulling too.

Jan pulls very hard. He pulls... and pulls...!

I let go...

Bang, Jan rolls over on his back... His clogs up in the air...

Woof! Woof!... Woof! Woof!





It gives him a bad shock. "You naughty Flick, you nearly made me fall into the ditch!"

But I say, "Then why not have a drink like I had, Jan. That will make you feel better, you know..."

Jan grunts, "Pooh, that dirty ditch water? Pooh!... You are a stupid dog, Flick!"





## 5. Sailing a boat

Jan said, "I am going to sail a boat."

But I thought, "What's the good of that? I'd rather go looking for bones, and rinds of bacon, and other titbits."

But oh, . . . I found nothing, nothing at all. I thought, "Poor Flick!"

Dear me! What's that! What's that in the grass over there?

Oh, look, look . . . It's a green creature with big eyes. He stares at me cheekily.

Hop! . . . He takes a big leap, just past me . . . Hop! It gives me a terrible fright, and I run away. But then I get angry, very angry . . . I bark . . .

That awful creature leaps, and I take a jump too. Woof! Woof! I show all my teeth . . . And I say, "Want a fight? All right, I am your man!"

But I am a little bit scared of that awful creature though . . . G-r-r-r! He leaps off, to the ditch.

I go after him! . . . Woof! Woof! Come here, if you dare! Woof! Woof!





Look, Jan, my boss, is sailing a boat. His clog is the boat. It is floating on the water. And Jan pushes it along with the stick. It's going fine... Wouldn't Jan be scared of that ugly, green creature with the big eyes?

Oh, look at that, he's right behind Jan's leg, behind his sock.

Woof! Woof!... Don't you dare to bite the boss, now!... Woof! Woof!

Hop! There he goes again... Hop-hop!

That awful creature leaps right between Jan's legs... He jumps headlong into the ditch... He plops right on top of Jan's boat...

Jan gets a fright. He gets a terrible fright and he shouts, "You stupid frog, look what you've done." Quickly I rush to the water's edge. I am not scared



any more now. And I say, "Give him a piece of your mind, Jan, that awful creature!"

But Jan looks very angry and very scared, and quickly he drops flat on his stomach.

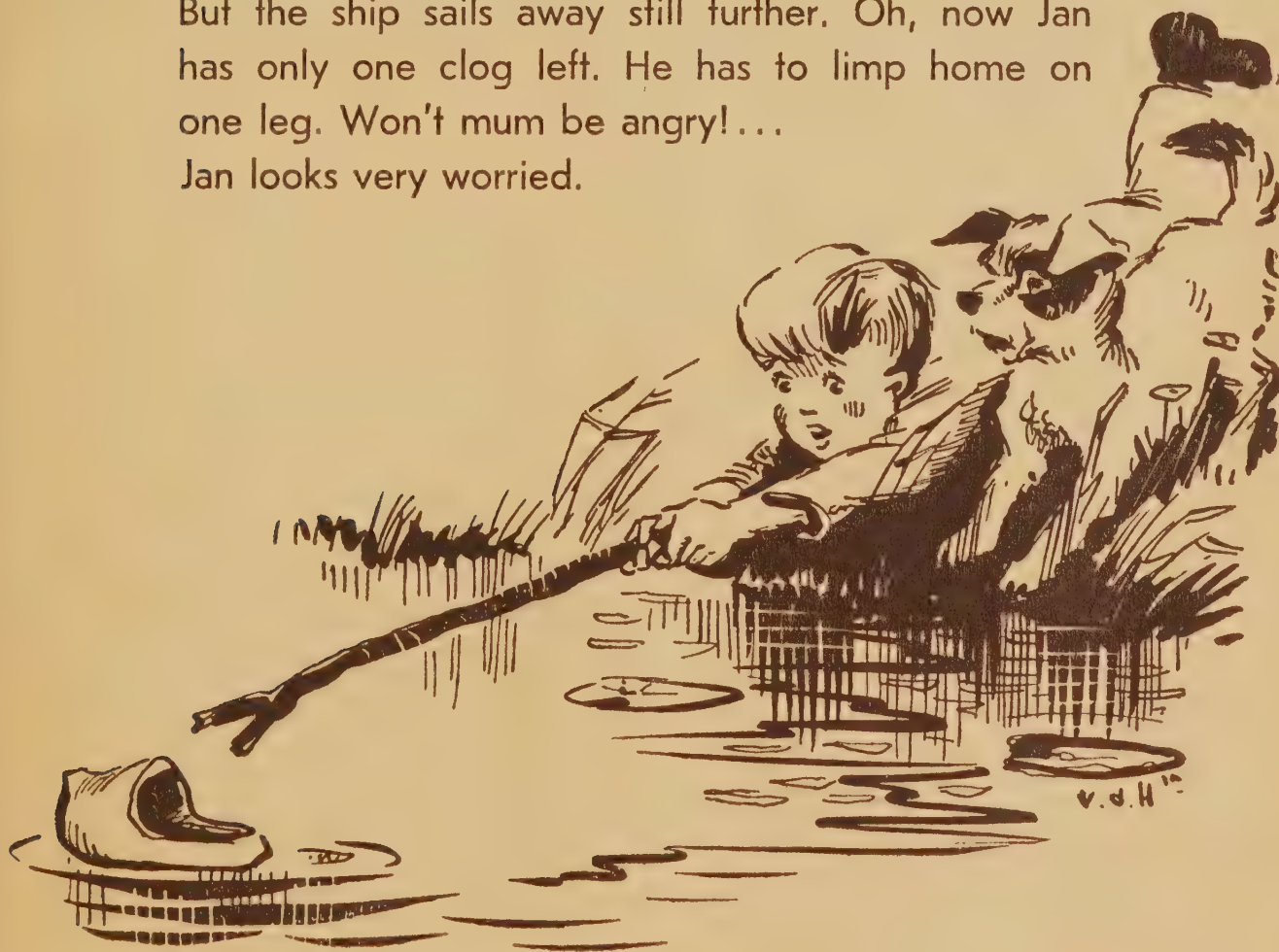
Why?

Oh, I can see why. His ship has sailed away. Very far. He cannot reach it with his stick. That frog did that.

Plop! And it dives down deep under the water... That's good!

But the ship sails away still further. Oh, now Jan has only one clog left. He has to limp home on one leg. Won't mum be angry!...

Jan looks very worried.







"Woof! Woof!" I say... "Jan, why don't you jump into the ditch and seize your boat?"

You don't dare to?... I do!

Splash! Splash! Splash!... Here I go. I'll help you, Jan! Splash!...

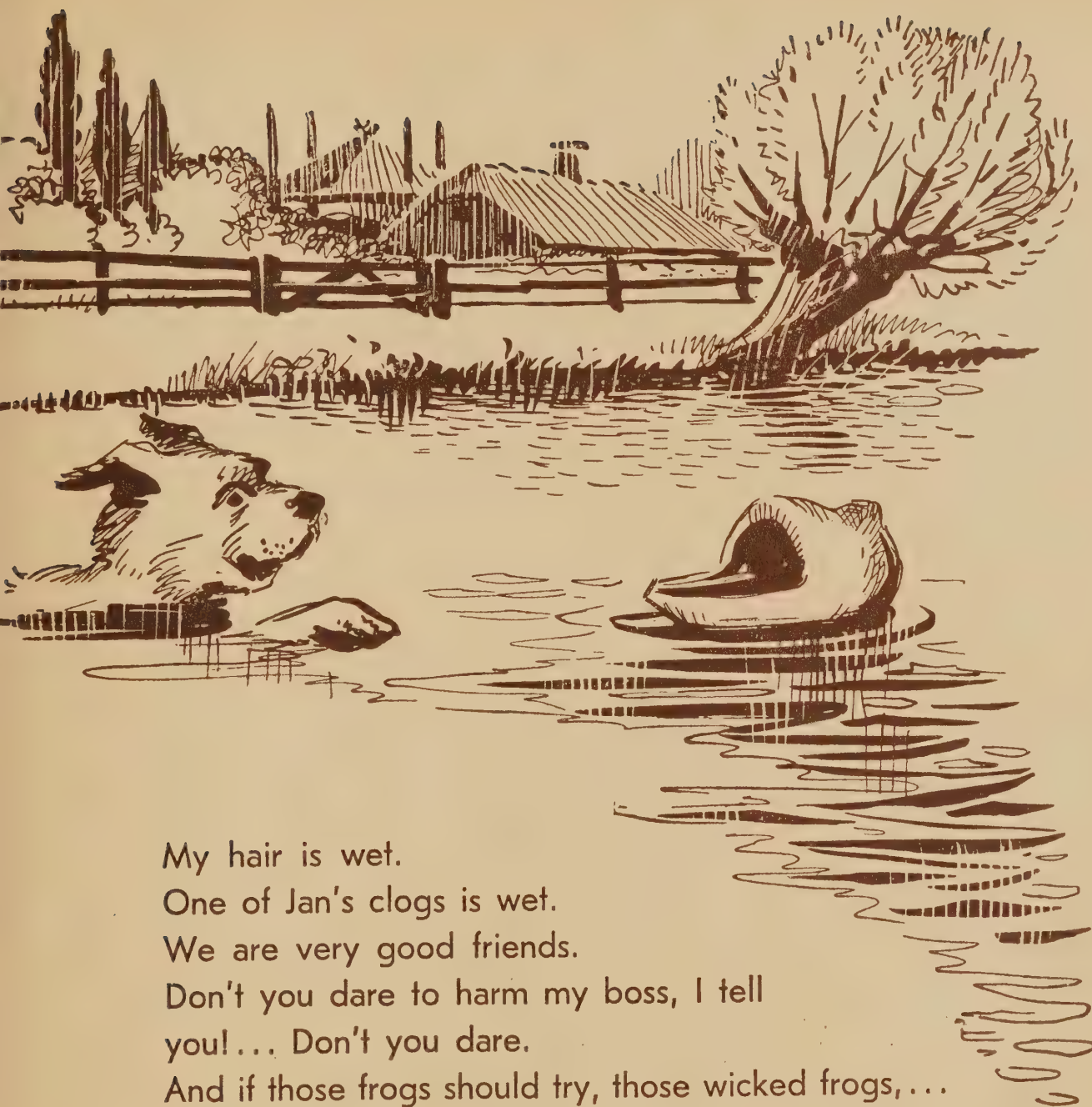
I swim to the other side. I seize the clog with my teeth. Oh, if only that awful creature does not catch me by the legs!... Oh, it frightens me...

Quickly I swim back and scramble up the side of the ditch...

That awful frog did not get me after all!

We go home together, Jan and I.





My hair is wet.

One of Jan's clogs is wet.

We are very good friends.

Don't you dare to harm my boss, I tell  
you! ... Don't you dare.

And if those frogs should try, those wicked frogs, ...  
then, well, I'll teach them ... I'll teach them a  
lesson ...

You are not scared either, are you Jan?

I'm not, you know.

We are heroes, aren't we Jan?



## 6. Two rascals

Something has happened,  
something very bad.

Will I tell you?

Something really bad indeed!

We were playing together, Jan  
and I.

Jan wanted to catch me by the tail.  
I tried to bite his trousers.

It was on top of the staircase.

A bucket was standing near by. A  
bucket full of water. Mum was  
cleaning the windows...

Jan tried to grab me and I tried  
to grab Jan. We were running  
around in a circle, very fast.



Dear me, ... Jan bumped against the bucket.  
The bucket was upset, and rolled down the stairs.  
And the water splashed down the stairs too.  
Bom-re-bom-bom! it went. Bom-re-bom-bom!  
Splash! Splash! it went. Splash! Splash!  
We got a shock! My word, we got a shock!  
Jan looked down the stairs, very scared.  
And I looked down the stairs, very scared too.  
And then ...?  
Then mum came! ... Oh, oh, then mum came ...

"Rascals," she said ... "naughty rascals.  
The whole house is wet. And Jan is wet! And Flick  
is wet! Everything is wet."  
"Stupid rascals, off to the kitchen, quick! ...  
You on that chair, Jan. And don't you come off,  
mind! You in that basket, Flick. And don't you come  
out, mind!"

Dear, dear! ... Here we are now. Poor rascals  
indeed.  
Jan is sitting at the table, his legs bare. His socks  
were wet through.  
I am sitting in the basket, and I shiver with cold.  
Dear, dear! ... Here we are now. Two poor rascals.





I peep at Jan, over the edge of the basket.

Jan looks at me, over the edge of the table.

Jan says nothing. He is sad. I don't say anything either. I am sad too.

B-r-r-r! And I am so cold! I know what I'll do. I'll hop out of the basket and creep near the stove. It's so nice and warm there.

Here I go... very carefully... My tail between my legs.

Dear me, there comes mum. I run back. I jump into the basket, trembling with fear...

But look at that! Look at what's going on now.

Jan gets up from his chair. He is rushing up to mum, he is kissing her, — he is hugging her...

He has tears in his eyes and he says something. And then...?

Then mum is laughing again and she is no longer cross.





Oh, that helps, that helps. I'll do like Jan.

I dash out of my basket. I jump up against mum, as high as I can. I'll give her a lick on the cheek, like Jan did... I'll put my legs round her neck, like Jan did... I'll say, "Woof! Woof!"...

But oh... it does not help; it does not help at all. I'm making mum's apron so dirty with my wet legs. Mum gets even more angry with me. She smacks me. She takes me by the neck and chases me out into the garden.

And here I am now... poor Flick.

All by myself, beside the clothesline.

I'm whining very softly.  
I can't make anything of it.  
Jan licked... and then mum laughed.  
I licked... and then mum smacked me.  
No, I can't make anything of it.  
And here I am now...  
Poor Flick...!





## 7. I am so lonely

I am sad.

I cannot find my master.

I know where he is. But I cannot get near him.

I'm just trotting around, all by myself.

And nobody calls, "Flick, Flick, where are you?"

And nobody says, "Coming Flick?"

I'm left all by myself.

Isn't that sad?

Shall I tell you, where Jan is? I know all right, I can smell him, I can hear him.

He is upstairs, in the bedroom.

But he is not allowed out.

And I am not allowed in.

Why not?

I don't know!

When I bark, "Woof! Woof!", when I call, "Jan, Jan, come on now! Come with me!"... then mum chases me away, out into the garden. She says, "Quiet Flick!... Quiet!"

When I try to sneak upstairs, I get a smack...

"Hurry up, Flick. Be gone!" I don't understand it at all.

This afternoon I went for a walk all by myself.

Not very pleasant, is it?

Then I came near the shop where there is such a nice smell of ham, of bacon, and of sausages...

Dear me, there was that wicked man with his apron, and his knife and his hard boots. I was getting frightened again, but then something queer happened.

...Just listen!

That man saw me. He said, "Oh, that is Jan's little doggie. Poor Jan!..."

And then he threw a bone for me into the street.

I snatched it, and ran off with it. My word, that was good. Behind a big lamppost I munched it all up. My word, that was good. That was the best I had had for a long time!

Then I went home quickly. I had to tell Jan...

I sneaked upstairs, very softly. I came to Jan's door... It was shut.

But, — with my nails I began to scratch the door — very rapidly. And I shouted, "Woof! Woof!... Jan, open the door! open the door!... Jan, come with me, come along with me!... Then the wicked



butcher will give you some titbits too... Jan, come on, they taste so nice and that wicked man is not angry any more! Open the door, Jan!... Woof! Woof!"

But oh, Jan dit not come.

Do you know who did come?... Dad.

Dad gave me a smack. He chased me down the stairs, and said, "You are a bad dog to make such a noise near poor old Jan!"

Queer, isn't it?

The butcher said, "Poor Jan!"

And dad also said,

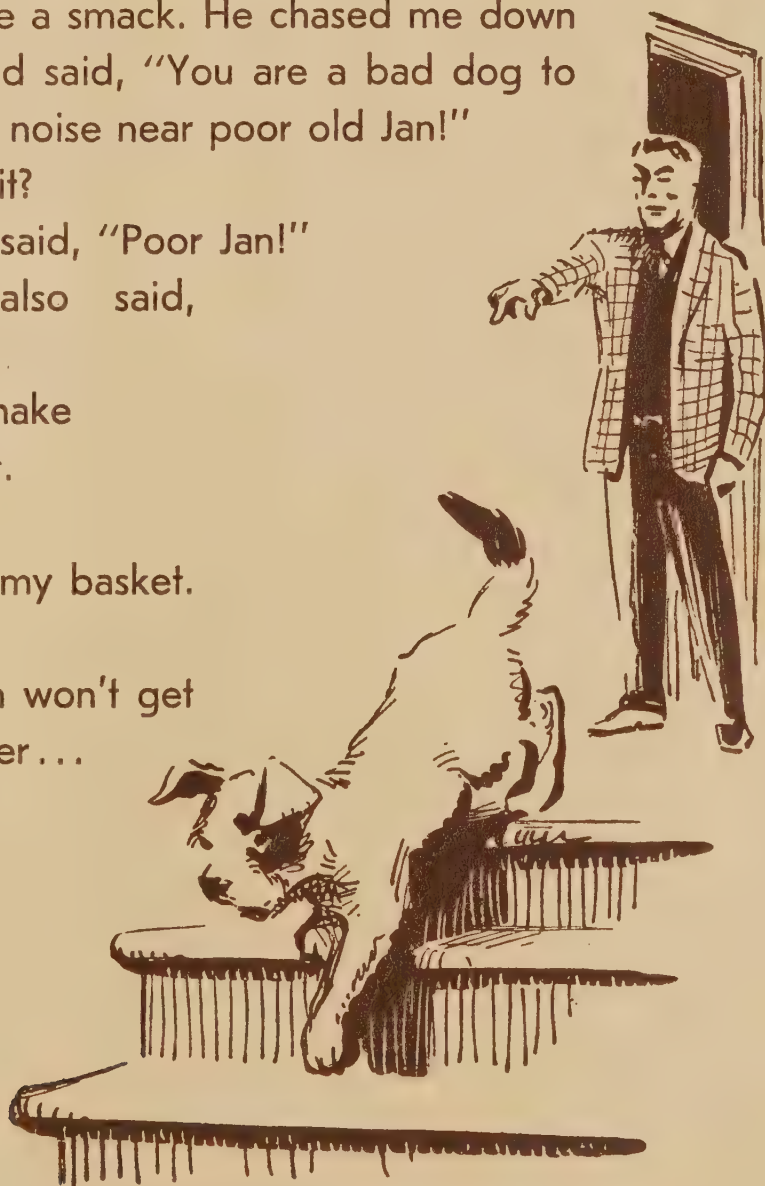
"Poor Jan!"

No, I can't make anything of it.

I creep into my basket.

I am sad.

And now Jan won't get his titbit either...



## 8. I know now . . .

Will I tell you, what I know? . . . Will I? . . .

Jan is sick, very sick.

He is in bed, very still, very pale. I saw it. I peeped through a crack in the door.

There was a strange gentleman in the room. He was sitting near Jan's bed, and he had gold-rimmed glasses on his nose.

He took Jan by the hand, very long, and he said to mum and to dad, "Jan is sick, very sick."

Now I know, you see; now I know.

But I don't mind being sick.

I am sometimes sick myself.

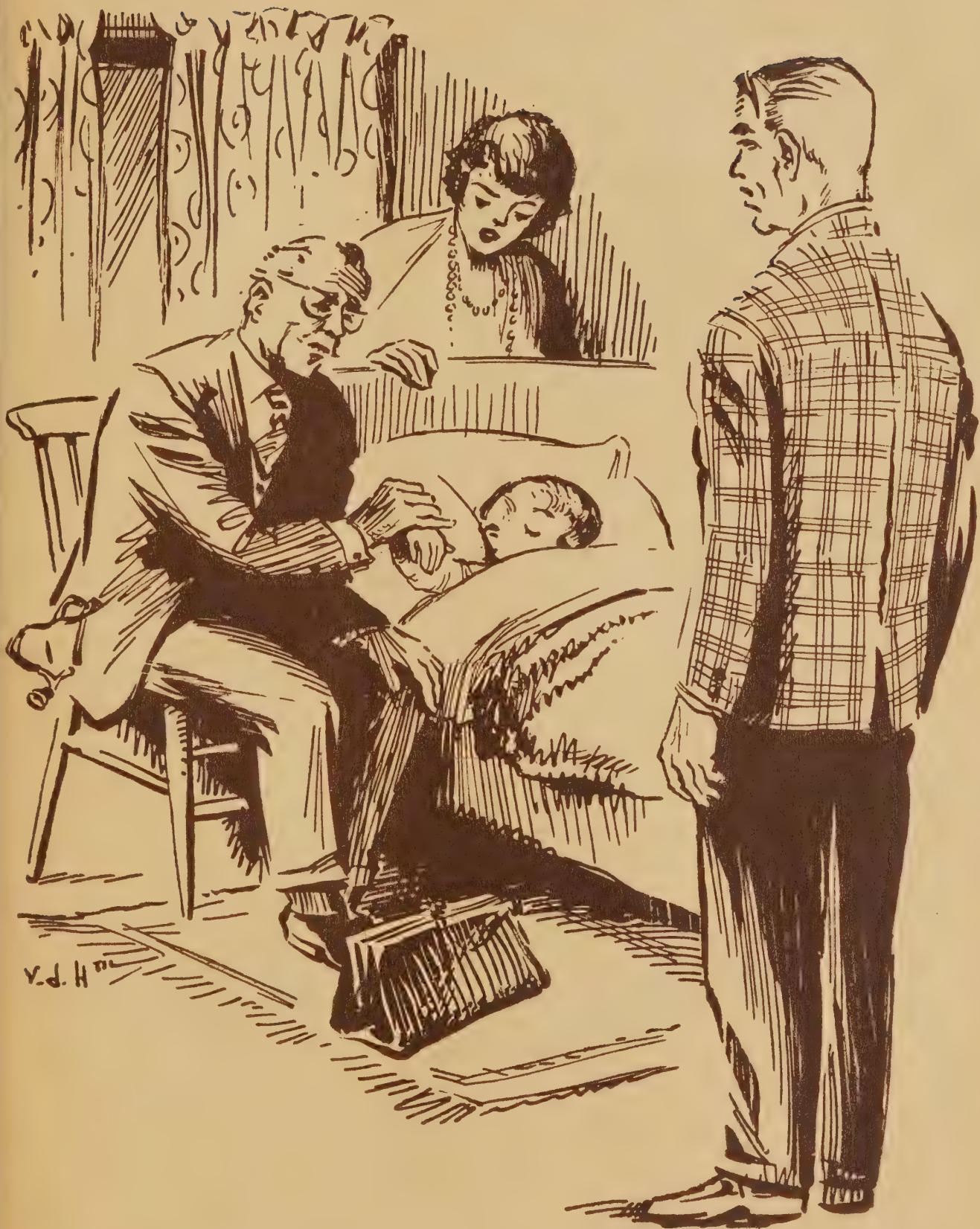
I have a pain in the stomach sometimes. Then I go quickly to the garden to eat some grass. And then the pain is soon gone.

I'd like to call out, "Jan, Jan, come outside. Go and eat some grass in the garden, then you'll be sick no longer. Sure, Jan!"

I'd like to call out, but I dare not . . .

I might get another smack.





You know what? I'll whisper it in Jan's ear some time... When mum is away, and the door is left open.

But mum does not go away.

She's always sitting with Jan.

And she does not even talk to me... Poor Flick!

I am just walking about, all by myself. Yes, sometimes mum even forgets to fill my bowl with bread and milk... Poor Flick!

I lie in my basket and I'm whining very softly. I'm whining, because I am so sad.

"Jan... Jan... Come on then! Why not come out of bed! Let's go and get some titbits from the butcher... Or let's go and sail a boat, and fight the frogs... Jan, Jan, come on then!"

I'm whining very softly.

Jan cannot hear it.

Poor Jan!

Poor Flick!





## 9. Under the cupboard

Listen, I have seen something!

Something queer.

Oh, I am only such a stupid dog. I don't understand.

Do you understand?

Just listen.

Quietly I had sneaked upstairs. The door was ajar.

I pushed it open.

Ah! ... there was Jan, very still, very pale.

He did not see me: his eyes were shut.

I was going to jump on the bed, and wake him up and say to him, "Jan, come out of bed, Jan! ... I feel so lonely!"

Mum had gone downstairs for a moment.

I was already standing on the little mat in front of the bed, with my two forelegs up ...

One little jump, and I would have sat right on top of Jan's stomach.

But dear me ... mum was coming back.

I got a fright and quickly crept under the cupboard.

Mum did not see me ...

And then ... then I saw something.

I will tell you.

Do you understand?... I don't.

Listen!

Mum looked very sad.

Very softly she said, "Jan, dear Jan!"

Jan opened his eyes for just a little while, but he said nothing.

Mum sat down on a chair. Oh, she looked even more sad...

Yes, I saw tears dripping from her eyes, slipping down her cheeks and fall on her apron.

But then... then she did something queer. She folded her hands, she closed her eyes, she bent her head a little... Was she asleep then?... No, she was not asleep.

I could see her lips moving, but I could not hear







anything. Sometimes she lifted up her hands a little...

But do you know what the *strange thing* about it all was?... Very slowly the sadness left mum's face. And when she opened her eyes again, she did not look quite so unhappy...

No, I can't understand anything of that at all. Would that help?

When you are sad, and you close your eyes, and you fold your hands, and you say something very softly, — will that make you happy again?

Oh, I am such a stupid dog, I cannot understand it. Can you?

Yes, and listen again.

Mum saw me lying under the cupboard. I started trembling.

Wouldn't she be angry! . . .

But oh no, she was not very angry. She picked me up, put me outside the door and she said very kindly, "No, Flick, you should not be here. The boss is so sick. You'd better go downstairs."

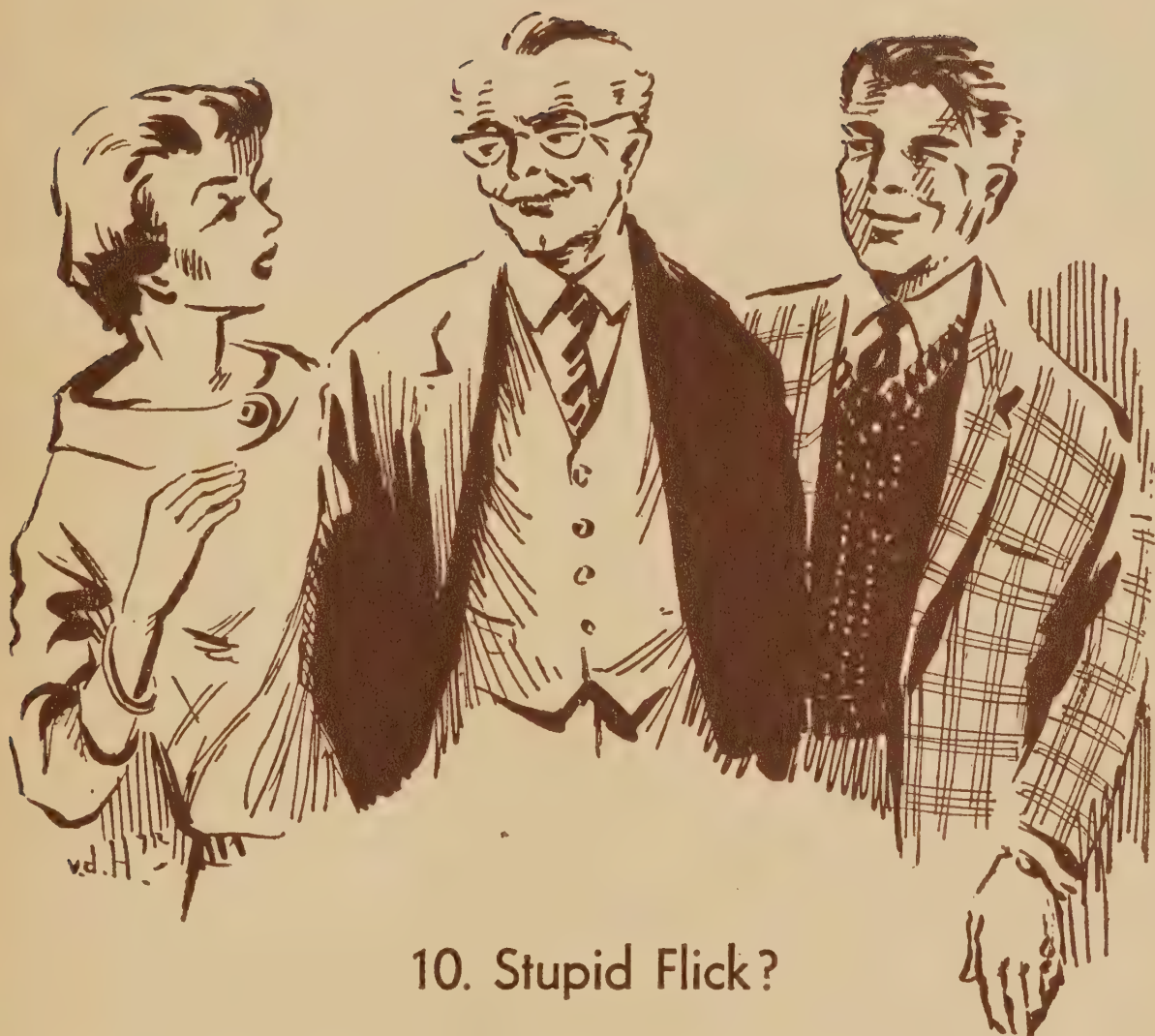
I did not even get a smack and I wasn't even snubbed.

Would that also have something to do with those folded hands, and those closed eyes?

I am a stupid Flick, I do not understand it.

Do you?





## 10. Stupid Flick?

Some time later.

I was lying in my basket. I growled and grumbled...

Do you know why?

Because that strange gentleman, — you know, the one with the gold-rimmed glasses, had gone upstairs again, to Jan.

He came every day. Would he make Jan so sick?

I think he does. He has such a way of taking Jan by the hand.

I was angry with him.

I was lying in my basket. I growled and snarled.

But listen! What's that?

That strange gentleman is coming down again. And so is mum. And dad is with them too.

And... mum is *laughing*. That is queer. I thought mum could not laugh any more!...

Would mum not be angry with that strange gentleman with the gold-rimmed glasses?

Listen, he is driving away in a car.

That's good!



"Flick, Flick," calls mum.

"Flick, Flick," calls dad.

What's that now? I run up to them.

"Flick, Flick! The little boss is getting better now. You may go to him now for a while. For just a little while, but mind you, very softly! He is still so weak..."



Oh, did you hear that? Did you hear that? I am allowed to go to Jan.

I rush up the stairs, I push the door open, I jump on the bed.

Jan is sitting up in bed, a pillow behind his back.

I jump right on top of him. I give him a lick on the nose, and I say, "Woof! Woof!... Jan, come out now!... Jan, come and eat some grass in the garden... Then the pain in your stomach will soon be gone..."

I jump, and dance, and wag my tail...

Oh, dear me, Jan's head drops back. He is still so weak.

Oh, dear me, dad has come in after me; — at once he takes me by the neck and pushes me out of the door. He says, "You stupid Flick! My word, you are a queer doctor! Stupid Flick! You silly, noisy Flick! Down with you! You would make Jan sick again... Out you go!"

I am going, my tail between my legs.

I creep into my basket.

I am a little bit angry.

"Jan is getting better," says mum. And still Jan stays in bed.



And they say that I am stupid.  
But that's not true, mind you . . .  
Dad is stupid.  
And mum is stupid.  
And Jan is *the* most stupid of them all!



## 11. You'd better look out!

Woof! Woof! ... Out of the way! Out of the way! ...

Here we are coming again, Jan and I.

You see us, don't you?

Out of the way! Out of the way! ... Woof! Woof!

Jan is better again, quite better.

And I am no longer all by myself ... And mum is happy again, and dad, and all of us ...

And the strange gentleman with the gold-rimmed glasses on his nose is not coming any more ... That's fine!

Now we are going for a walk, Jan and I.

Jan wears a warm coat and a warm scarf. And he has a warm cap on ... You need that after you have been sick.

Dad said, "Flick, you will take good care of the boss, won't you?"

"Woof, woof!" I said. "Of course I will."

Of course I will take good care of the boss.

And if the wicked cats come, I'll teach them! ... I'll teach them a lesson! ...

And if the wicked frogs come, I'll teach them! ... I'll teach them a lesson! ...



Oh no, I'm no longer scared of anything. Not !!!

Perhaps we will go to the good man with his apron and his knife... Perhaps we will get some nice little titbits...

Yes, yes... you are laughing at me. I know you are. You think I am a stupid dog, don't you?

You'd better look out, for when I get angry... when I get so terribly angry... then I'll get you!... I'll get you!... Woof! Woof!





Yes, yes... you're just laughing and you say, that  
I tell such funny stories, don't you?  
But you did listen, didn't you?  
You'd better look out, mind you!  
And if you try to harm my dear little master...  
My word, I'll get you...  
Yes, come here, if you dare!  
You are scared, aren't you?  
Woof! Woof!... Woo-oo-óófl!



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